

Quid Novi

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McGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW
FACULTE DE DROIT UNIVERSITE MCGILL

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FACULTY DEBATES GRADING

by Hartland Paterson

Last Thursday afternoon Faculty Council had its first opportunity to consider the resolutions accepted by the L.S.A. two weeks ago with respect to the faculty's evaluation and marking policies. Initially the atmosphere was decidedly confrontational. Several of the student resolutions, were they to be accepted by faculty, would result in an increased work load for all professors. This factor, combined with the aggressive drafting of some of the student proposals, provoked a sharp response from the first faculty speaker, Professor Scott.

Scott Sallies Forth

Professor Scott considered his own work load to be more than sufficient for the current school year and found the student proposals to be generally unreasonable. Were they to be adopted in toto, professors would be expected to write model answers, prepare and correct optional practice exams or essays, grade the papers of other sections, and so on. In addition, he noted, students evidently expect staff to attend as many parties as the students cared to organize during the term. While he considered that all of the student proposals might be desirable in themselves, he did not know where the time would come from in his schedule without an equivalent reduction of his pedagogical obligations elsewhere. Having

outlined the limitation of resources available to the faculty, Professor Scott went on to observe that it was the "natural condition of law students to bitch" and that it seemed to him that what the students really wanted was a general grade inflation and the disappearance of "F's". In regards to consistency in the evaluation of students, Professor Scott ended his comments by offering to teach both English sections of first-year Constitutional Law in alternate years, thereby resolving the concern engendered by those who compared his marking policy with that of the other section's teacher.

Sklar Asks for Cooperative Atmosphere

Next, Professor Sklar said that while he compared the student resolutions to a labour document, he extended the analogy to suggest that neither side was taking a full and reasoned account of the other's position. He went on to accept a number of the proposals as reasonable, and to point out problems with others, particularly where they conflicted with individual faculty members' autonomy. Professor Sklar ended his comments with a plea for a less confrontational and more cooperative atmosphere (which in fact he seemed successful in initiating into the proceedings), and suggested the creation of a student-faculty committee to examine some of the thornier issues.

Students Speak Up

Ian Fraser and Todd Sloan spoke next, both observing that it was not standardized grades students were seeking so much as a standardization of criteria for the evaluation of student performance. They accepted the restraints on faculty resources as a given result of under-funding, but indicated that they still hoped some improvements could be made on the present situation.

Students Not Prejudiced by Marking Policy

Next on the speakers list was Professor Bridge, who noted that students at McGill covered a wide range of abilities, with talent unevenly spread. Despite

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Tribunal-Ecole

par Julie LaTour avec la
collaboration de
Marie-Josée Beaudry

C'est au cours des vendredi et samedi 3 et 4 février derniers que se tenait l'édition 1983-84 du Tribunal-Ecole Inferfacultés. La compétition eue lieu au sein même de la faculté, son lieu d'origine, le premier concours ayant pris place à McGill, en 1979. Les équipes en lice étaient au nombre de quatre, soit les Universités de Montréal, Sherbrooke, Ottawa et, évidemment, McGill.

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Faculty Council

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several years of work with admissions, he did not think this was likely to change given the great degree of difficulty in predicting who would do well. Professor Bridge thought that a "C" from our faculty was worth perhaps a "B" from Queen's and an "A" at U.N.B., and said that he had heard no evidence that McGill students are prejudiced by the marking policy here.

Grey: Two Main Problems Here

Professor Grey, one of the last to speak, identified two principle problems. The first was that he believed the marks given here to be generally lower than those at other schools, which affects graduates making scholarship applications in particular. He observed that, among faculty, courses with a high average mark often drew criticism, but that courses with a low average mark excited no comment. The second problem he identified was the importance of a first-year student's marks to his or her morale, and how significant discrepancies at this level between sections of a course were not very fair in this light.

Faculty Council had only enough time to vote on the first resolution. Professors Scott and Bridge tried to add an amendment to the proposal to set the average section letter grade against the student's mark, suggesting that the student's over-all rank within the class be printed on the transcript. This was not perceived to be a friendly amendment by student reps, and Council did not accept it. The first proposal was passed -- the rest will be considered Thursday, February 16.

Tippy Canoe and Harold Too!

Moigners

The Moigners are coming out of the closet! After two seasons of "cute, but dumb", the team with a dream has set its eyes on yet another challenge.

Piqued by what he saw as an abdication of its social responsibility, Steve "I have a dream" Krieger called together the team for a rare Monday night meeting. After berating the members for their hedonistic lifestyle the ohso-holy Krieger dropped his bomb, so to speak: support Harold for President. A stunned silence fell over the assembled representatives of Jockdom. "What a keen idea" said Cliff "Diver" Halickman. "If Jesse Jackson thinks he can be a good President simply because he hits a lot of homeruns, Harold can do it

too!" Even that honorary 'Moign Chewy Stewy Ducoffe absentmindedly nodded assent.

However, because the 'Moigns have been known to be slightly reactionary, as their best selling records "Do It Till It Twinkles" and "When Was the Last Time a Whale Went Out of His Way for Me?" attest, the team decided they should interview Harold first to get his view on the major problems of the day.

According to Harold, all our problems are soluble if the following simple questions can be answered. Why do they call it a boxing ring when it's square? Why do champion boxers win belts and champion baseball and football players win rings - even though they don't perform in a ring? Why do hockey players play in rinks but win a cup? Why do baseball and football players wear cups but don't win them? Why do boxers always hold their championship belts over their heads and not around their waists? Why haven't the New England Whalers recorded since Bob Marley died?

In deciding to back Harold, the 'Moigners will be trying to show the man behind the myth. To do this they will stop at nothing. All other candidates are hereby forewarned -- Harold will win! Why risk permanent disability by facing the inevitable? Avoid having your private life become an open book!

So remember, sports fans, let's all exercise our democratic privilege on election day. It doesn't matter who you vote for -- as long as it's the Big H.

The Monday Night
Choral Society

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avec leur mémoire et devaient donc démontrer l'existence d'un lien de préposition entre les médecins et le Centre hospitalier. Ceux-ci devaient également prouver une circonstance exceptionnelle justifiant l'application de la trilogie Andrews, Thornton et Têno, arrêts pertinents quant à la question des dommages non-pécuniaires. Lourde tâche!

Ils ont néanmoins très bien relevé le défi, devant une foule encore plus nombreuse que le jour précédent. Le tout fut suivi d'un banquet offert par le Tribunal-Ecole Interfacultés.

Enterrinant, félicitations à tous les participants, et de sincères remerciements à tous ceux qui ont contribué à la réussite de cet événement et plus particulièrement aux membres de la magistrature, au doyen, au Comité organisateur et au Moot Court Board.

Trib.

Tel que relaté dans les précédentes livraisons du Quid Novi, le sujet soumis aux participants était celui de la responsabilité médico-hospitalière, problème fictif composé par le professeur Paul-A. Crépeau ainsi que M. Pierre Deschamps et Mme Louise Lussier, tous deux chercheurs au Centre de droit privé et comparé de Québec.

Brièvement, M. Bédard subit une intervention pratiquée par le Dr. Ducharme, sous la surveillance du Dr. Dupuis, son médecin traitant, à la suite de laquelle il fit une hémorragie interne. Une intervention d'urgence fut entreprise par le Dr. Lefebvre, alors médecin de garde, sous anesthésie générale administrée par le Dr. Patenaude. Au cours de l'opération, M. Bédard eut un arrêt cardio-respiratoire et subit de graves dommages cérébraux. La Cour supérieure exonéra le Dr. Patenaude mais condamna les deux autres médecins à payer au-delà de 3,000,000\$ à Mme Glen, l'épouse de M. Bédard, pour elle-même, son mari et ses enfants, et le Centre hospitalier, à lui payer 500\$ comme curatrice à son mari. Le Tribunal-Ecole Inter-facultés entend l'appel entre Mme Glen et le Centre hospitalier.

Le professeur Pierre-Gabriel Jobin, président du concours, a prononcé allocution d'ouverture, vendredi matin, laquelle nous instruisait des modifications approuvées au règlement du concours. En effet, cette année, les mémoires furent rédigés à l'automne et c'est l'équipe appelante qui devait réaliser son mémoire en premier lieu, pour le faire parvenir par la suite aux intimés. Cet amendement a pour but de favoriser la cohérence entre les mémoires. Ce concours a également une particularité

qui est de faire plaider le mémoire adverse aux participants, le premier jour de la compétition. Les plaideurs ne reprennent donc leur véritable position que le second jour.

La pondération est établie comme suit: 40% pour le mémoire et 60% pour la performance orale. Le mémoire peut d'ailleurs être rédigé par un nombre indéterminé d'étudiants, au sein duquel deux individus représenteront leur faculté. Le jury des mémoires était composé du professeur Paul-A. Crépeau ainsi que de Mes. Christine A. Carron (Ogilvy, Renault) et Robert Jean Chénier (Clarkson, Tétrault). Dans le cas de McGill, quatre étudiants furent choisis pour la rédaction soit, Patrick Benaroch (LLB IV), Mark Hamelin (BCL III), Yves Sicard (BCL II) et Marc Santerre (BCL III). De ce nombre, seuls Yves Sicard et Marc Santerre furent choisis pour arborer le blason de la faculté lors des plaidoiries. Aussi, cette année, McGill affrontait Ottawa alors que l'Université de Sherbrooke se mesurait à sa consœur de Montréal. Le débat fut enlevé et nos représentants firent excellente figure!

En effet, Marc Santerre s'est vu décerner le titre de "Meilleur plaideur", lequel couronnait une excellente performance. L'Université de Montréal, représentée par Paul-André Giguère et Lloyd Duhaime a mérité les prix de "Meilleure équipe" et de "Meilleur mémoire", alors que Joann Zaor, représentante de l'Université de Sherbrooke, fut choisie comme "Deuxième meilleur plaideur".

Le Tribunal du vendredi était composé de trois juges de la Cour supérieure, soit Madame Louise Mailhot et Messieurs Charles Gonthier (en remplacement de M. le

juge en chef Gold, lequel ne pouvait être présent mais qui a eu la gentillesse de se joindre à l'assistance du Samedi) et Denis Lévesque. Les équipes de Montréal et Sherbrooke s'affrontaient en matinée alors que McGill et Ottawa se rencontraient en après-midi.

Puisque le présent format ne permet pas une analyse intégrale, nous mettrons l'emphase sur les performances de nos représentants. En cette première journée, ceux-ci étaient "intimés", i.e. qu'ils représentaient le Centre hospitalier. Marc Santerre a donné une excellente performance, empreinte de conviction et de professionnalisme. Marc a également séduit de par son charme et son charisme et ce, sans sombrer dans l'arrogance ou le théâtralisme outrancier. C'est avec une expression pour le moins mignonne, "Excusez l'indécence de mon anglais", qu'il a précédé la lecture d'une citation dans la langue de Shakespeare!

Notre second plaideur, Yves Sicard, fit preuve de conviction et d'un même sens professionnel, dans un style plus sobre mais tout aussi fluide et rationnel. Celui-ci y est allé de quelques vaticinations amusantes concernant l'avenir de la profession d'avocat!

La journée de vendredi était clôturée par une réception offerte par le doyen Brierley.

Samedi, dernière journée de concours, le Tribunal était composé de trois membres de la Cour d'appel, dont M. le juge en chef Marcel Crête, et MM. les juges Maurice Jacques et Albert H. Malouf. Ceux-ci furent particulièrement actifs, forçant les participants à bien articuler leurs positions.

Nos représentants, maintenant appelants, renouaient

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Massive Overdose of Terror

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tion. There was an ad that read: "Confused? Want answers? Send your questions, along with \$5.00 and a self-addressed stamped envelope, to me and I'll give you the answer." Normally I would have laughed at such an offer, but it now came to me that the fact that I had found a seat on the bus (a rare occurrence) and had had a chance to gloss over the Daily (an even rarer occurrence) must have been omens.

I mailed my letter the next morning and on Wednesday of the following week I received the answer. All it said was: "Life is a massive overdose of terror". As far as I was concerned this meant nothing to me, and I kicked myself for having forked out \$5.00 for this useless response.

I tried to forget the ad, the days of endless searching and the waste of time. I resolved never to think about my question again. But, of course, that was not easy to do and all that night I dreamt of horrible things. I saw law students chained to library desks, forced to read through masses of books. For days on end these poor students went automatically from their classes to the library. They moved desks together as if to form barricades, to protect themselves from some terrible force. And then I realized something. The faces of these students were not random faces. These were all first-year students and I too was among them. We were all working terribly hard. The shock of seeing law students so hard at work woke me up.

For a few minutes I lay in bed, dazed. The words -- massive overdose of terror

Editorial

Up your dues?

This Thursday, the Student Society will be asking you for an extra \$6.25 per term to finance its activities. While this may seem like a lot of money (your fees to Studsoc will go from \$11.75 to \$18.00 per term), the continued existence of the Student's Society, and student activities on campus, is at stake.

Studsoc has not had a fee increase since 1977, and has only had three fee increases since 1964. In 1971 the annual fee was \$20.40. Today your fee is only worth \$11.70 in 1971 dollars, and the proposed increase will not even keep pace with inflation. This year the financial cut-backs have reached unprecedented levels. The Union Building (including Gertrudes) is now closed on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The LSA now has to pay \$160 to rent the ballroom for a party (in the past, there was no charge). The various clubs have had their budgets slashed or cut entirely. If there is no fee increase, the situation will only get worse. Many clubs will get no funding at all. Next year it will probably cost \$400 to rent the Ballroom.

With the fee increase, Studsoc can begin a return to normal operations. The Union Building can be open full time, and can undergo some much-needed repairs and renovations. Our debt to the University (which now stands at \$732,000) can be repaid in an orderly fashion.

Most people probably do not realize how much it costs to run the Studoc every year.

Tim Baikie, Senate Rep. to Council
Scott Keating, Club Rep. to Council
Jean-Pierre Blais, Law Rep. to Council

-- weaved in and out of my mind. And then, suddenly, I realized that my question really had been answered in those four words. The dream came back to me -- the hours of reading, of working, and the question "What is the Meaning of Life?" -- these all seemed to make sense now. Why hadn't I seen it when I had read the answer? Obviously the words meant more than just what they said. Any kid would have figured out the simple code.

The meaning of life, of all this studying and hard work -- it all boiled down to four letters: M...O...O...T ...a massive overdose of terror.

Quote of the Week

"...a contract between dogs, you know, the underdog and the other one..."

P. A. Crépeau
30 Jan. 1984

LETTERS

To the Editor,

It was with great chagrin that we read the now-infamous advertisement for the S.E.X. Escort Service. At a time when women face continued sexual harassment in their daily lives, such juvenile attempts at humour merely serve to offend. The "more bang for the buck" motto is not only insulting to all progressive humanists, it is also inflationary.

With this in mind the undersigned wish to take this opportunity to offer their own services as an alternative to such tasteless sexism. We are not only good, but cheap as well. Our motto: "more fun for the sum".

**Wayne Burrows
Stewart Ducoffe
Graeme Fraser**

To the Editor,

I should like to protest the obscenity which appeared on page 3 of last week's Quid Novi (February 8, 1984). And, as horrible as the photograph [Ed. Note: of our past president Roger

Cutler] was, the advertisement to its right was grungier still. If "Diesel" Xistris (who has long been relied on to loosen up all three mens' hockey teams) and company are reduced to offering to pay their parents' hard-earned money for their services, it ill-behooves you to expose them to public ridicule in print, especially when it is so much more fun to do it verbally.

I have just heard that Mssrs. Burrows, Ducoffe, and Fraser have joined in this desperate attempt to buy escort "services". I am saddened by the pathos and futility of their gesture. From Stew, I expect no better as he is a well-known advocate of the "race to the bottom", both in Simmond's Business Associations class and in the law C locker room. But the more Wayne burrows, the lower he will sink. This is your fault, Quid Novi! Please do your part to nip this shamelessness in the bud. This is a deplorable situation. It is up to you to rectify it.

Owen Kurtin

Undercover with the Cros

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long, argued Crosbie. The Tories use whatever feeble argument they can -- the Liberals have been in power for so long only because the Tories have been incompetent for so long. Evidently the PC's want to take office by default.

While one is impressed with Crosbie's wit, the Newfoundlander's reputed intelligence does not always surface. In his student years Crosbie won the Viscount Bennett scholarship as the top law student in Canada, yet now he seems to have sunk to the low level of mental acuity required in the House of Commons.

When the Cros finished his speech, hearty applause was the order of the day. The Young PC's were moved to rise as they applauded. It was a sad sight to see the peach-fuzz faced and feeble-minded tots show their sycophantic devotion to their political idol.

The Cros fielded questions in the Moot Court and afterwards in the Common Room over coffee and doughnuts. In one-on-one encounters Crosbie is very effective, as he seems to be more willing to give specific answers in comparison with his responses in front of a large crowd and a TV crew.

By 3:30 p.m. the Cros was ready to head back to the nation's navel to do battle again with the nasty Liberals. The Deformed Nationalists took it well. There was some weeping as The Cros shook those last few hands, but stiff upper lips finally prevailed.

The "event" had ended and all had gone well. The time to rejoice was upon them, but had to be cut short. The sour note of the day was that Civil Procedure started at 4:00 p.m.

Rick Goossen

ANNOUNCEMENTS

La Clinique d'aide juridique de l'Université McGill est à la recherche de quatre directeurs pour l'été 1984 et l'année universitaire 1984-85.

Les formules de demande sont disponibles à la clinique. Toute personne ayant servi un semestre ou plus à la clinique est éligible et peut poser sa candidature jusqu'à mardi le 14 février à 5 heures.

Mr. Kimur Alasani, Vice-Consul General of the Soviet-Union in Montreal, will be coming to McGill to lecture on the following topic: "The Politics of the Cold War and the Leadership Crisis in the USSR".

Wednesday February 15th, in Leacock 232 (Leacock Council room) at 4 p.m.

**Political Science
Students' Association**

Going Nowhere - Fast

Steve Dalkowski has never played a single inning of major league baseball. Neither have 99% of North Americans; but Dalkowski had something the rest of us do not have -- a virtually unhittable fastball. Today, at 43, he is an alcoholic who can no longer work as a migrant field worker in California because of severe vitamin deficiencies caused by alcohol abuse. According to a boyhood friend, "Steve was the natural athlete... he could throw a football more than 60 feet on target. Now he's going to kill himself".

Dalkowski became a legend because of a blindingly uncontrollable fastball and a comparable lifestyle. In 1958 the Orioles sent him to the Aberdeen Proving Ground to time his fastball. He threw from a level surface the day after he had pitched a game. It took him 40 minutes to throw a ball within range of the measuring device. When he finally did it was timed at 94 mph. Had he not pitched the night before, if he had been throwing from a mound and if he had not exhausted himself first, it has been estimated that he would have been

timed at more than 110 mph.

Pat Jordon, in his article on Dalkowski for Inside Sports, paints a tragic picture of the American Dream gone wrong. Did Dalkowski start to drink because of his father who "worked, gambled and drank"? Or was it an inevitable result of growing up in New Britain, Connecticut? It was the adults who started him drinking. The old-timers would grab a kid who was good in sports and buy him shots and beer. Or did Dalkowski drink simply because he was Dalkowski?

"Steve was a good kid but nobody could handle him. You know he was tested on the Stanford-Binet Intelligence test, and finished in the last percentile. That means if you had something to teach 100 people, Steve would be the last to learn."

Dalkowski seems to be at peace with himself. Throughout the article he reflects without anger or recrimination on his descent into alcoholism.

On working for twelve hours in 100°F heat in the

fields he says "I didn't care about nothing. I'd just go to work in the darkness -- the fog didn't bother me -- and work my ass off in the fields. I'd put a bottle of wine at each end of the rows I was picking and just work my way back and forth to each bottle. I'd come back to the hotel and have my bottle of wine and chili-burger. Sometimes I wouldn't even eat, just lock myself in my room and go to sleep. But I was happy. I'd forget."

Athletes' binges and carousing have long been sources of amusement to the public. A mystique has grown up around the hard-living jock, which many non-athletes have tried to imitate. Reading the sad tale of Steve Dalkowski one cannot help but pause and wonder. Even if he never touched a drop, Dalkowski might not have made it. His failure as an athlete is not the tragedy; neither is the waste of a rare talent. It is not even the waste of Steven Dalkowski's life. The real tragedy is the daily repetition, in every walk of life, of what happened to him.

Wayne Burrows

Censorwatch on Malawi

by **Sandra Stephenson**

Last week marked the anniversary of the arrest in Malawi of three law students who were also active playwrights and literary editors. The three students, Tubby Chibwana (believed to be a law student), Zangaphe Chizeze (aged 22, in 4th year) and Edge Kanyangola (aged 21, in 3rd year), are still being detained, one year and one week later, and still no reasons have been given or charges laid. They

have not been permitted to speak to lawyers, and they are being held under severe conditions in Mikuyu Detention Centre, north-east of Zomba.

Chizeze and Kanyangola have each written several plays, and taken lead parts as actors. Kanyangola has won two acting awards, in 1977 and 1982. Chizeze was co-editor of a university magazine.

When they were first

arrested, it was thought that the government might have considered some of their plays subversive, but both of their most recent productions have been performed since their arrest. It is now believed that the students are being held for having allegedly attempted to form a new political party. Under Malawi's Constitution, the only legal party is the Malawi Congress Party.

-source
Index on Censorship B.P.

Massive Overdose of Terror

by Bettina Karpel

If there is one thing I have learned from my first term in law school, it is to ask questions about things -- anything. We are warned not to accept everything we are told or that we read. Professors want us to question. Of course, some don't care what answers we give as long as we ask questions... but that is an entirely different story and has nothing to do with this one....

Eager to follow the advice of my professors (an illness which, I am told, afflicts first-year students but heals as one enters second year and disappears completely in the third and fourth years), I began to question everything and everyone. Soon my friends outside of law school began to avoid me (so would any sane human being after being asked whether they had realized that the non-liability clause on the back of their parking ticket was not applicable if the clause had not been read at the time of contractual formation and therefore did not conform to the required meeting of minds which everyone knows is essential...after all, hadn't they read Girard v. National Parking Ltd. in which...).

Shunned by my friends, I began to search for anyone who would listen to my questions -- questions about usufruct, emphyteusis, the ancillary doctrine, the sources of the law, the origins of the common law and whether flying a kite over the Quebec-Ontario border constituted a federally-controlled interprovincial undertaking. It all seemed useless. I realized that my questions were too numerous, too specific, and too meaningless.

One day, while reading through the first five hundred articles of the Code of Civil Procedure, my mind suddenly began to function, and in a moment of inspiration, possibly insanity, I began to see a theme running through all the cases and statutes and regulations and doctrine... Surely, the ultimate question had to be the one linking all these together. Surely, the answer to that question would be the reason that all this material and more had to be mastered.

My heart began to race. I had to find the answer, but first, logically of course, I would have to find the question. Reluctantly I left the next five hundred articles of the Code of Civil Procedure to be read another day and began a week of sleepless and frantic searching. What was the question -- the ultimate question to ask?

On Wednesday, after seven days of endless and exhaustive searching, I came home from a late Criminal Law class. During that class I had thought that something was beginning to happen. We had been discussing abortion and the meaning of life. Those words -- the meaning of life -- seemed to linger in my mind, but I wasn't sure exactly what was happening. It wasn't until I got home and managed to catch the last few minutes of Judge Wapner (the judge on NBC's People's Court and a man who had been an inspiration to me) that everything finally came together.

The question was -- it had to be -- "What is the meaning of life?" I should have known it. After all, others before me had asked the very same question, but,

as usual, I had searched for the difficult rather than the obvious. But I didn't care. I had the question and now I could begin to search for the answer.

I decided to do some reading for school. My search for the answer would begin the next morning.

That Thursday in school was pretty useless. I couldn't ask my classmates the question; they would have thought I was crazy. I spent the day going from class to class, taking notes, asking questions, but my heart really wasn't in it. I kept thinking: why am I here studying all of this? What is the meaning of life?

After my last class, I went up to the library. As luck would have it, the three highlighters which I had bought that morning had already run out. I thought to myself that with all the people in law school I would have been smarter simply to invest in the highlighter industry. Sighing, I gathered my books. (It was useless to try to read without a highlighter.) I made my way down to my locker, saying hello to a few people and restraining a mad urge to ask my question.

On the bus home I began to wonder if I would ever be able to ask anyone my question and if anyone would answer. The bus was pretty empty and I got a seat. (Later on, I would realize that this was an omen.) I was leafing through the Daily and finally got to the interesting section -- the classified ads. I read through the usual stuff: rooms to let, services offered... All of a sudden I knew I had found the solu-

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Under Cover With "The Cros"

Normally the Quid simply reports events as they happen, speakers as they speak, and jocks as they sweat. But tired of being normal, the Quid decided to provide a behind-the-scenes look at how one of the Faculty's newsworthy events came to fruition.

The assignment: John Crosbie, Feb. 8, 1984, 1:00 p.m., Moot Court. I decided to accept -- and the cassette disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

It is not an easy thing to get a comedian the stature of "The Cros" to squeeze another engagement into an already busy itinerary. But the dedicated group of Forum Nationalists was equal to the task.

The "Get the Cros" movement was hatched in "The Unknown Student Seminar Room", dedicated to those students, numerous and now forgotten, who failed out while fighting to free the faculty from tyranny.

The Formal Nationalists, led by Gary "Let's Get Radical" Lawrence, saw the need for an injection of conservatism into the student body, and wrote The Cros. The Cros seized the opportunity. The Nation's Formalists rejoiced. But this was just the first step; much planning would have to be done to give the Cros the royal treatment.

Would the day be a success? Would The Cros get sick? Would The Cros learn French by then?

Word reached the Normal Formalists -- that The Man was to arrive by rail at 11:45 a.m. Gary "Let's Torch Chancellor Day Hall" Lawrence and Graeme "I'll bring the matches" Fraser

sped down to the train station. The Cros had made it!

A minor dilemma was avoided when The Cros was shoe-horned into Fraser's Austin Mini courtesy of two baggage carriers.

Meanwhile, back at the Dean's office assorted Formal Normalists, token professors, a lone Newfoundlander and the Dean awaited the Cros. At 12:05 the Cros appeared. He shook everyone's hand and then the crowd broke into small clusters.

The Cros engaged Dr. Rob Horwood in subdued conversation. The smell of cod filled the air and the conversation, in heavy Newfoundland accents, was nearly incomprehensible.

The Cros partook of a glass of the Dean's finest sherry. When asked whether he would like a brownie, Big John refused, saying his wife had told him to lay off. Mind you, he wouldn't want to become Little John as that would make Brian Mulroney into Robin Hood.

The Cros was heard to comment on the minuteness of the sandwiches, not to mention their pallid flavour. Remedying the situation must be a priority for the new Dean. A law school is not better than the sandwiches it serves.

At 1:00 p.m. the Cros and his entourage made their way to the Moot Court where a capacity crowd awaited. The Cros took his seat while the Fashionable Nationalists modelled their executive wear, clearly establishing themselves as the best-dressed club at the faculty.

The Fashionable Normal-

ists wish to dispel two rumours that are circulating. None of the members work part-time for the RCMP undercover, in spite of shifty eyes and shortly cropped hair. Also, the members are not all closet Conservatives.

The Cros took the floor under the guise of speaking on the economy and proceeded to ridicule the Liberals. He said Trudeau wanted a stamp with his face on it. This would create problems out west, according to the Cros: westerners tended to spit on the wrong side.

At the start of his talk, Crosbie admitted he is unilingual, not having had the time to master the French language. This admission was followed by another joke. Jean Chrétien asked Crosbie for some advice on his leadership run. The Cros replied: "learn English".

Crosbie also wasn't impressed with the Liberal's media blitz to promote the Charter. He referred to a TV ad showing a flock of Canada Geese in mid-flight. According to The Cros the ad should have shown the geese getting "plucked", not to be confused with a similar sounding word, although it would have been just as accurate, noted Crosbie.

The lecture also contained the usual dose of political rhetoric. The economy is the number one issue. The PC's will stimulate investment, get Canadians working again, reduce the deficit, and whip inflation. This, of course, is a one year plan.

The PC's should form the next government because the Liberals have been in too

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